All Hallows' Eve

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All Hallows' Eve

by ira_agni

Summary

A kinky seasonal prompt list spelling out the word HALLOWEEN, wherein each letter of the word corresponds to one kink/topic featuring our favourite Murder Husbands!

All stories can be read independently. Major triggers are tagged in the notes before each chapter.

Note on MCD Warning: The warning applies to the last chapter only, in which Will fantasises about necrophilia in his therapy session with Hannibal. No MCD occurs outside of this fantasy, but MCD was still tagged as a warning as it is a sensitive topic for many people.

Happy Halloween!🖤

H is for Harvest and Heretics

Chapter Notes

tw// blasphemy, heresy, human sacrifice, cannibalism

Hannibal smiled amicably as he bid the members of his congregation goodbye, thanking them for their compliments on his sermon that day. Appreciative and kind to their man of the cloth as always, grateful for the man who had been a stranger to the people of the town only a year ago. Hannibal would accept their praises as dutifully and humbly as ever, looking after them as the last few people trickled out of the small church and down the streets to their homes.

What a naive, stupid flock of sheep they were.

“Beautiful sermon today, Doctor.”

Hannibal calmly eyed the last man to cross the threshold of the church, stepping into the autumn sunlight beside him.

“It has been a long time since I practised.”

“Yet you have lost not a bit of your surgical precision…”

The man smiled at Hannibal and left, off to his own house deep in the woods.

Hannibal looked after him for a while, the smile never fading from his face.

It was time again.

“Don’t you want to know which sins he committed, my dear?”

Will rolled his eyes, dragging the unconscious man between himself and Hannibal into their preferred position, laid out with all limbs stretched from him on the forest floor.

“If I had been eager to listen to the sins and thoughts of these superstitious, pretentious excuses of human beings I would have joined you in your charade as a priest, Hannibal…”

Will exhaled deeply, calming himself once more to focus on the tasks ahead.

He looked across the man, finding Hannibal's gaze, the beautiful shade of deep red his eyes seemed to become in the light of the orange sunset shining down on them through the trees.

"Is it not enough that I sit through every single one of your sermons?"

Hannibal smiled calmly, amused at the childlike annoyance in his partner, his deep disdain for the daylight personas they had had to adapt in their new town.

A man of Christian faith and a devout believer.

What could be further from the truth.

"Next time, we can choose something more… secular," Hannibal mused, "We may even be able to stay for longer, if we pick appropriate occupations. I could work as a surgeon again, or maybe a psychiatrist… You could work in a teaching position. Maybe at the FBI academy."

"Oh, now you're just being silly…" Will scoffed, then laughed again as he saw Hannibal's face. "Remind me why I put up with you again?"

Hannibal leaned in closer, lips close to Will's as he placed the knife in his hand, the bone handle smooth and warm against his skin.

"Because you and I have begun to blur… Denying the part of you that loves me would be to deny yourself as a whole."

Will stole a brief kiss from his lips in return and smiled, gripping the handle of the knife firmly.

Finally, the time for their Harvest had begun.

Finally, they would feast and celebrate once more after months of abstinence.

He positioned himself properly in his kneeling position on the floor, gripping the man's hair firmly to keep his head from moving as he brought the knife down in a single, swift and powerful motion, burying it deeply into the side of his neck.

The heavy, intense smell of copper filled the air between Will and Hannibal as he pulled back the knife, blood gushing and spurting onto the forest floor, colouring the dead harvest leaves in even deeper shades of red.

Will sat back on his heels, panting softly with adrenaline and excitement, watching the man bleed out before him, eager to proceed.

He handed the knife back to Hannibal, the deadly instrument turning into a tool of art and precision in his hands.

Will smiled to himself, watching his husband get to work on the torso.

"I'll never get tired of seeing you like this."

“With my hands buried in a dead man’s chest cavity?”

Will smiled just a little brighter, watching the heart finally fall silent in Hannibal’s hands.

“Exactly…”

Hannibal couldn’t quite suppress a smile himself and continued his work on the organs, with Will working next to him with the same precision on the skin and muscles.

They would barely let anything go to waste in their Harvest, merely disposing of whatever parts they found to be inadequate for consumption.

Will always enjoyed working their way down to the bones; not only did they serve as the gratifying end of their work, and represented the utmost deepest part of it, it filled him with joy and pride that his dogs, too, would benefit from their reapings. From those that Hannibal deemed safe for them and did not insist upon keeping to boil out, that was.

“You know…” Will remarked, “maybe the harvest festival in the church won’t be half as bad this year. Even if the two of us are giving thanks for a very different reason…”

“And not exactly towards a deity,” Hannibal replied with a smile, watching Will work with careful, yet swift precision. “Though, looking at you in all your glory on these nights, I do find myself closer to the divine.”

Will laughed, flattered and amused alike.

“I’m glad you already got the heart out, I would have hated for you to include that in another cheesy joke…”

“I would never joke about any matter as serious as this,” Hannibal returned calmly, packing the last of their bundle of carefully wrapped meat. He looked over at Will again, the dark, almost black stains of blood on his face and body, illuminated only by the pale moonlight as the night set around them.

In a calm, loving gesture he pulled Will over to himself, tasting the blood on his lips as they kissed.

“There is nothing I would not do for you, Will. No one I would not sacrifice to keep you happy.”

Will caught his lips in another kiss, peeling himself out of his jacket and shirt as he did.

He laid down on the leaves beneath them, bathing in the blood of their victim and the dying nature of the autumn around them.

He guided Hannibal to lie between his legs, join him in the godless ecstasy of the fruits of their labour and reapings, the great depravity of taking the utmost pleasure in their Harvest as they both got undressed.

“I hope you can always feel assured that I will do just the same for you…”

A is for Age Regression

Chapter Notes

tw // past child abuse (implied), childhood sexual abuse (implied), childhood trauma

When Will walked into their living room late that night, he seemed sleepy. Disoriented.

Hannibal lowered his book and smiled at his husband, glancing at the clock that was illuminated by the warm, cozy fire he was sitting by. It was almost 1AM.

“Is sleep avoiding you once more, my love?”

Will still stood there in the dark hallway, unmoving.

Hannibal sat up slightly, moving in closer to observe him properly.

“Will?”

At first Hannibal believed he might be sleepwalking again, yet his demeanour remained… strange.

Before Hannibal could speak up once more, putting his book aside and rising from his chair, he heard the smallest sound, just between a whine and a sob, and saw the way Will’s shoulders began to shake.

“I-...”

Will’s voice was strained, the gesture with which he tried to wipe away his tears clumsy in the way he helplessly pawed at his cheeks.

“I wet-... wet the bed a-...gain-... I-I’m s-sorry, da-...ddy-...”

Hannibal approached his husband calmly, yet deeply alerted by the way he presented himself that night.

They had not yet shared the most intimate details of their childhoods at that point in their relationship, and to find Will regressing to such an early age, such a vulnerable point in his young life, concerned Hannibal both personally and professionally.

He kept his steps unhurried and his features calm, his gaze remained loving and soothing as he stepped in front of Will.

“That’s okay, my love. Little accidents happen to all of us.”

Will slowly, very slowly raised his tear-filled eyes to look at him, and the way he had sunken into himself made him look all the more pitiful. Like a lost puppy, anticipating yet another scolding.

“You must be cold.”

Hannibal gently extended a hand to him, laying it upon Will’s arm, and found the other man sinking into his arms immediately, burying his face at Hannibal’s shoulder.

“I-... I’m sorry-... Please don’t- don’t be m-mad at m-me-...!”

Will’s voice sounded so small, so utterly hurt and broken, Hannibal felt bile rise in his throat at the thought of whoever had mistreated him so badly in the past.

He laid a reassuring hand upon Will’s back, soothing him like he would a child.

“It’s okay, Will… Everything is alright…” he murmured softly, “Daddy is not mad at you…”

It took a while for Will to calm down again, crying softly rather than heaving sobs, and Hannibal brought just a bit of distance between them again to smile at him lovingly.

“Let’s get you cleaned up again, alright? Daddy doesn’t want you to catch a cold, love…”

Will nodded faintly, following him absently as Hannibal took his hand and led him to the bathroom.

“I’ll help you out of your clothes, okay? We’ll get you cleaned up and then you can go back to bed…”

Hannibal waited until Will nodded in approval and helped him out of his boxers and t-shirt, damp with the sweat of his night terrors and urine, and then prepared a bath for him.

“Would you like me to help you get in?”

Hannibal treaded calmly and carefully, unsure what triggers to be wary of, letting Will lead the way as far as he could, gaging his reactions carefully.

Will just stood there for a long time, watching the water splash and whirl as the stream from the faucet hit the surface of the water rising in the tub.

Then, finally, he nodded.

Hannibal gently held his hands as Will climbed into the bathtub, curling in on himself as the warmth of the water surrounded him.

“I will go and get you some fresh clothes. I will be right back.”

Hannibal smiled softly, only allowing his concerned and angered expression to prevail as he had exited the room.

He swiftly changed the sheets of their bed, recognising that not half as much damage had been done as he had anticipated, and collected a fresh t-shirt and a soft pair of pyjama pants from his drawers for Will.

Hannibal may have lacked the foundations of deep empathy that characterised his husband, yet vengeful thoughts came to him easily.

He may never fully be able to empathise with Will even in the most difficult of situations, yet that did not mean he would be lacking in a response that sought to restore the health and happiness of the person he had grown to love most in the world. Even if Hannibal's was a more violent approach.

Hannibal exhaled deeply one last time, dispelling his anger and leaving it outside before he entered the bathroom again.

Will still sat in the tub, knees drawn close to his chest, as he quietly played with the water surrounding him.

"The bath smells like you, daddy," he remarked as Hannibal entered again, approaching him and kneeling next to the tub.

"The bath salt contains scents of sandalwood and lavender. Do you like it?"

Will nodded quietly, then shyly returned Hannibal's smile.

"I like it… I like how daddy smells…"

Hannibal nodded calmly.

"That is very good to know, indeed. I'm glad you like it, Will."

He observed him calmly, deciding not to directly approach any topics of further physically intimate contact and washing that night. The warm, soapy water would suffice.

"All clean? Are you feeling better?"

Will nodded and smiled at him, eyes still red and puffy, then extended his arms to him to be helped out of the tub again.

Hannibal complied, and a minute later Will found himself to be warm, dry, wrapped in his most comfortable clothes and smelling like the person he loved. The person he trusted and felt safe with.

Even standing up, now with the adrenaline of his fear and panic subsiding, his eyes began to close on their own again and again, his whole body swaying slightly as sleep dreaded to overcome him once more.

"Let's get you to bed," Hannibal offered calmly after draining the tub, guiding his partner back to their bedroom and tucking him into bed.

“Can you lie down with me, daddy…?”

His voice sounded so fragile, so insecure and pleading, that Hannibal simply laid down and pulled him into his arms.

“Everything will be okay, Will. You can try to sleep now. Daddy will watch over you…”

When Hannibal woke up the next morning one of his arms was still draped across Will’s chest.

Will, who was very much awake now, eyes tired and distant with pain and age, years of adapting and getting by, of burning himself out to be of use.

He still stared up at the ceiling as he noticed Hannibal watching him, finally breaking the silence.

“I can’t believe I fucking pissed the bed…”

Hannibal let his choice of words sink in for a moment, the events of their night hanging heavily in the air around them.

“It is normal to feel shame and anger at such an unexpected reaction, though I personally believe these feelings might be rather misguided. Your trauma is not your fault, Will, nor how it affects you.”

Will turned his head slightly, but couldn’t bear to look at Hannibal for too long, afraid of what his husband might see in his eyes.

“I know you are aware of this, but I’d like to reiterate that there is nothing you have to feel like you need to keep from me, Will. No matter what has happened, or will happen, it will not change how I feel about you. It will not make me want you any less.”

Will scoffed quietly, the subtle bite in his voice directed rather at himself than Hannibal, frustrated with his feelings of inadequacy. Feeling broken all over again.

“Are you speaking as my husband or my therapist?”

“I am whatever you need me to be, Will. Whenever you need it.”

Will finally rolled onto his side, yet still avoided Hannibal’s gaze.

“I… honestly don’t know how to go on from here. I don’t want to act like it didn’t happen… but I don’t think I’m truly ready to acknowledge it yet…”

Hannibal gently pulled him closer and into a kiss, reassuring him, easing his mind with a simple yet intimate physical gesture of affection.

“Then we will talk about it, or not talk about it, whenever you’re ready. For now, I suggest a light breakfast and some strong coffee.”

Will chuckled softly, finally allowing his forts to come down as his eyes met Hannibal’s.

Their world would keep on turning. And that deep, reassuring knowledge was all he truly needed in that moment.

“Coffee sounds great right about now…”

L is for Leather

Chapter Notes

tw // pain play, mild asphyxiation, bruising, bdsm, leather kink

There were few things in Hannibal's luxurious wardrobe that Will had come to appreciate as much as his leather belts.

Will could not quite remember how it all had started. Probably one of those unexpected coincidences that had awakened something inside of him, as Hannibal had brought into his life so often.

For a while Will just enjoyed touching the carefully tailored material. The smooth, shiny texture on the outside, the rougher, soft feeling on the inside.

He had often wondered if incorporating physical forms of violence into their most intimate sexual moments would lead to unforeseeable consequences for them.

With Hannibal already having cultivated the most sadistic, violent side to his own nature, and with Will still being in the process of finding the truest form of his own destruction, devastation seemed to be the inevitable outcome for the both of them.

They were skirting the thin line between brutality and passion more often than he cared to admit, and Will often chased his thoughts in circles about what a 'healthy' relationship would look like for the two of them. He knew they could be gentle and loving, yet with every kiss that turned into a bite, every touch that turned into a grab, every caress that pulled and pushed between them, incorporating activities such as spanking or slapping felt like playing with a whole different kind of fire.

And maybe Will was fine with getting burned just a little in the process.

Will's chest rose and fell with deep breaths, his body caught up between moans and gasps for air as he felt the cold buckle of his favourite belt dig further into his neck as Hannibal tightened the length of leather around his neck.

"Tell me when," he reminded calmly, observing Will's naked body closely, not letting the slightest sign of distress escape him.

Will nodded his head slowly, then eventually raised his hand to wrap around Hannibal's wrist, giving him the signal to stop.

Will hated how much he had come to love this specific signal between them; he felt vulnerable, and exposed, and so fucking *weak* submitting to Hannibal like this, putting his life into his hands, yet he had rarely experienced other pleasures quite as ecstatically as giving into everything his senses rebelled against.

Hannibal loosened the buckle, then slowly let the full length of the belt rub against Will's throat as he pulled it off of him, the soft leather now gently tickling Will's raw skin, burning and hurting with such an intensity Will gripped the edges of the table, arching his back at the stimulation.

"Fuck-..."

Will's voice was hoarse and wrecked as he took a few deep breaths, trying to control the trembling of his thighs, his neglected cock incessantly leaking precum onto his abdomen.

The pain was so sweet, the pleasure close enough to grasp, to just let go and he would be there, but Will wasn't ready to let go and end it. Not yet.

Hannibal traced the marks on his neck with the tips of his fingers, seeking Will's gaze.

"Would you like me to proceed?"

"Yes-... God, yes, Hannibal, just-... Just do it already-..."

Will wet his dry lips and sank against the wooden table once more, his legs propped up slightly, giving him a better view of what Hannibal would do next.

Will's favourite part.

Hannibal gently laid the belt around Will's right thigh, taking his time to position it, merely to let Will enjoy the wam, soft and rough texture of the fine leather against his skin. Then he looped the length through the buckle, fitting the belt snug against Will's skin, giving him a moment to savour the confining feeling of gentle pressure against his thigh.

Hannibal looked up to Will in a final gesture of confirmation, and Will braced himself.

Then Hannibal *pulled*.

Will arched off the table with a loud, hoarse scream, a cry of pain and pleasure, hips twitching uncontrollably as he came untouched all over his own naked form under the watchful eyes of Hannibal.

Will felt the tears sting in his eyes and kept them closed, hands gripping the edge of the table, knuckles turning white as he thought of the intense bruises he would carry with him into the next days, if not weeks.

Hannibal kept the pressure on his leg for as long as Will came, only slowly letting go as Will's breathing slowed down as well.

"Front or back?" Hannibal asked, and despite his calm, controlled demeanour Will knew him well enough to pick up on the slightest tension in his voice.

"You decide…" Will gasped in reply, and soon found himself pulled to the very edge of the table, turned onto his stomach, legs not nearly supporting him well enough at this point in their session.

Whenever Will asked Hannibal for these play times, he liked giving Hannibal ample time to get into it, to work through his own tensions and stress first, before ultimately assisting Will in achieving his own sexual gratification.

Will's entire backside was covered in the broad marks of the belt, the extensive whippings Hannibal had bestowed upon him.

It had not taken Will long to grow to loving them being done first, giving him an opportunity to focus more on the touch of Hannibal's hands on his back and hips and the ache in his butt cheeks with every harsh thrust of Hannibal burying his cock deep inside of him.

Before that, there was only one thing left for them to do.

Hannibal approached Will from the front, finally using the belt to bind his wrists.

There was no need to keep Will from struggling; it was merely Will's selfish desire to overload his own senses, give him as many pleasurable sensations at once as he could possibly get.

He could smell the leather, almost taste the scent in his mouth as he felt Hannibal's hand descend upon his body, running along his spine as he got into position behind him, admiring the colours that bloomed on his skin, the masterpiece they had created together.

Just like any other piece of art, Hannibal appreciated the process of the creation as much as the finished product. Every session left a unique pattern on his beloved Will, and he intended to savour as many of them, and as often as he possibly could.

Then again, there also was an undeniable beauty in tearing Will apart piece by piece, ripping at him until there was nothing left but to burn whatever remained. He would burn all the brighter every time, only to rise from the ashes, ready to be moulded by Hannibal's hands once more, repeating the cycle between them for as long as the colours would bloom on Will's skin.

L is for Lesson

Chapter Notes

tw // rape play, edge play/gun play, degradation

Hannibal put his keys and grocery bag down on the kitchen counter and opened his fridge, the neon light illuminating the darkness prevailing in his kitchen.

It had been a long, especially tiring day of work and he was glad to finally be home and able to rest.

Suddenly he stopped in his tracks, the silence of the house broken by the familiar, unsettling clicking sound of a gun being cocked.

“Good evening, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal was about to turn around when he felt the barrel of the gun being pushed into the back of his head, cold, hard, and unmistakably making his attackers intentions clear.

Will was not in a mood to talk that night.

“Did you seriously think I was not going to come for you…? After all the times you tried to ruin my life? Trying to take away my sanity? My dignity?”

Hannibal felt Will’s breath against his neck as he repositioned the gun, pressing it against his temple.

“Will, whatever it is you are thinking of doing, you will regret-”

Hannibal’s legs nearly gave out under him as Will knocked his head against the closed fridge door.

His keys and groceries flew across the kitchen as Will shoved them off the counter before kicking at the back of Hannibal’s knees, pushing him down onto the cold, silver surface, gun still aimed at the back of his head.

“Just looking at you makes me *sick*...” Will growled between gritted teeth, ripping off Hannibal’s clothes, leaving his coat and suit jacket a crumpled mess on the floor. “Do you have *any* idea how humiliating and dehumanising it was, rotting away in the basement of that fucking hell hole of a nut house? Do you?!”

Will undid Hannibal’s belt and pants, shoving them down just enough to gain access to his most private parts.

Will scoffed as he spotted the base of a small, discreet plug between his cheeks, making Hannibal gasp involuntarily as he grabbed at it, ripping it out of him in a swift, careless motion.

“Did you seriously go about your day, listen to all these people cry in those chairs in your office, getting off on their pain? You’re even more distrubed than I thought…”

“And you’re still hiding behind a gun-...” Hannibal panted quietly, glaring up at Will over his shoulder as best he could, head still swimming.

For a moment that seemed like forever, Will returned his gaze with just as much disdain, before enabling the gun safety again, dropping it and kicking it across the floor.

He pounced on Hannibal, grabbing at his neck, nails digging into his skin as he pushed him down harder onto the counter.

He leaned in closely over his back, whispering in his ear.

“You’re right, Doctor Lecter… I suppose this requires a much more personal approach…”

Hannibal gasped in pain as Will grabbed his arm and twisted it onto his back so far he feared it would break at the slightest attempt of resistance.

“Will-...” Hannibal gasped, his voice quiet and pleading, uncharacteristically weak and small against the sound of Will unzipping his pants, “Don’t do this-... Hurt me as much as you like-... but don’t-”

“You still don’t get it yet, do you?” Will replied coldly, positioning himself behind Hannibal, stroking his half-hard cock to full erection. “This is not about physical pain… I know someone like you isn’t fazed by that. It won’t really reach you… But humiliation? Taking away that fucking pride you carry with you wherever you go, the dignity and aura of being untouchable you cultivate? This… *this* is what will hurt you in all the right places…”

Will held onto Hannibal’s arm even tighter as he struggled, grabbing at his hip with his other hand to keep him still as he thrust into him in one quick, brutal thrust, knocking the wind out of the man below him.

Will chuckled dryly as he felt the lube that eased his motions, how little resistance there was with the plug having aided his way.

“You’re a fucking slut, Hannibal…”

Will dug his nails into his skin, moaning deeply as he picked up a slow, hard pace, feeling Hannibal tense around him so hard he could barely move, making every motion of his all the more arousing.

“You’re so wet… so soft, and so willing to be fucked right open… Yet you act like you’re all prude and boring, so damn classy all the time…”

Will leaned over Hannibal again, biting at the back of his neck.

“When was the last time someone fucked you? Really made you open wide for them, made you not sit properly for days, your legs feel like they were gonna give out under you…?”

“Will-...!”

Hannibal whimpered softly at a particularly deep thrust, only to earn yet another dismissive laugh from the man above him.

“Figures it’d have to be me…”

Will stood up straight again, increasing the intensity of his thrusts, pounding into him relentlessly.

“Fuck, you feel so good, Hannibal-... You’re such a perfect, pretty whore, acting all shy, begging me not to do this to you-...”

He laughed breathlessly as he felt Hannibal tense around him even more, pliant and defeated beneath him, his body clearly indicating his arousal in spite of his words and mental state.

“Are you close? Are you actually going to cum from me raping you on your picture perfect, expensive kitchen counter, Doctor Lecter?”

Hannibal bit his lip until it was bloody, trying not to moan, not to cry out in pain and pleasure as Will found just the right angle, just the right spot for him, making him shake and tremble all over as he came as hard as he hadn’t in months, spots dancing before his eyes.

Will laid his head back with a hoarse moan as he felt Hannibal come, following suit only a few deep, hard thrusts later, burying himself deeply in his body, painting his insides.

He sank down on Hannibal’s body, panting softly as he caught his breath.

Will leaned in closer, his other hand now running through Hannibal’s messy hair, pushing the strands out of his face.

“I suppose we are even now, Doctor Lecter…”

Hannibal slowly opened his eyes at their predetermined phrase, mind still a little hazy as he turned his head a little, finding Will’s lips in a deep, passionate, yet gentle kiss.

Will released his arm and shifted his weight a little, making it a bit more comfortable for both of them as they adjusted, calming down again.

“You could have waited until after I put away the Wagyu beef steaks…”

Will blinked slowly, looking around to the kitchen floor, the groceries still flung about.

“Wait, that was tonight? Oh, shit…”

Hannibal chuckled hoarsely in amusement, slightly pushing himself off the counter with his good arm after Will had gently pulled back, getting one of the dish towels to clean up a little.

“Thoughts?” Will asked softly, tucking himself back into his pants before he helped Hannibal out of his own.

“I think a little less lube would have sufficed. I believe you greatly enjoyed the addition of the plug this time around…”

Will laughed softly, feeling a little caught.

“I did. It made me feel a bit better, being so rough with you, as opposed to too little prep… I just…”

Will turned his husband around to face him, then gently pushed him down on the kitchen counter once more.

“You know I love being rough with you, and vice versa… But I don’t want to seriously hurt you during any of this…”

“So you would rather indicate a concussion?” Hannibal grinned teasingly as Will stood between his legs.

“I barely touched you...!” Will laughed in protest, gently unbuttoning Hannibal’s waist coat and shirt, gaining access to more bare skin to caress. “Though, I gotta say… the name-calling I did enjoy…”

Hannibal made a face and Will laughed, getting on his knees before him, gently caressing his thighs, licking up the trail of cum he had left there.

“I suppose we are ready for the less vulgar part of the evening, then.”

“Ready when you are, Doctor Lecter…”

O is for Overkill and Overstimulation

Chapter Notes

tw// murder, violence, overkill, overstimulation

After years of living with each other, one of the most valuable discoveries Hannibal had made was that as much as Will's emotional states fluctuated, so did his desires.

From abstinent to hypersexual, from precise to messy and uncontrollable in his kills.

Will had always kept that same sense of unpredictability around him.

Like organised chaos, the modi operadi of both the intensity of his physical affection and his kills would ebb and flow, keeping Hannibal quite curious and ever surprised by his beautiful, merciless husband.

Will embraced sides in both his passion as well as his killings that Hannibal would find great joy in adapting to, keeping things interesting between them.

Sometimes there would be greater precision in Will's kill, almost entirely adapting Hannibal's own style in theatrics and precision, the dedication to his presentation almost more important than the gratification he sought to gain from the kill itself.

It was those times when Will would be less physically intimate, never cold, but more restrained and withdrawn, engulfed in his own mind and analysing his feelings and thoughts, rather than acting upon them impulsively.

Then again, there were times when Hannibal would witness Will in all of his destructive, insatiable glory.

It was a sight to behold.

There was no holding back for Will, no more doubts about his intentions and feelings, nothing but the satisfaction of his deepest, darkest needs.

Will would patiently await the first strike with Hannibal, leaving it to be the first and deadliest one.

Yet there would quickly follow an intense amount of overkill, destroying his victim beyond recognition, barely leaving any of the organs intact enough for Hannibal to work with.

Will would cut deeply, forcefully, bathing in the hot, iron blood of his victim, much like the Dragon had used to do.

Hannibal would watch the reckless, feral aggression of his lover, the freedom Will embraced, touching upon his own deepest desires of indulgence and utmost gratification.

It was these nights that Will would keep Hannibal up until dawn, pushing them both to absolute exhaustion, yet also the truest, deepest satisfaction.

Not only would they kill in ways Hannibal would have never allowed himself, far removed from his own design, but Will would push his own body beyond his limits, insatiable in his lust for both blood and Hannibal.

“Fuck-...!” Will gasped softly, hips twitching helplessly as he came for the fourth time, dry and unfulfilling.

Hannibal motioned to carefully pull back the vibrator relentlessly stimulating his prostate, yet Will quickly grabbed at his hand, stopping him immediately.

“Don’t-”

“Will, you need a break. You can barely-”

Hannibal moaned softly as Will pulled him into a deep, hungry kiss, distracting him from his thoughts as hot tears rolled down Will’s face, his body screaming silently to stop the everlasting assault at his senses.

Physically, Hannibal often wondered how Will was able to push himself so severely, way beyond what his body would allow, yet still somehow he did; whether Hannibal used his mouth on him, fingers, toys, his own cock, Will would keep asking and begging for more, ignoring his own exhaustion, the sheer overload of his senses, always seeking the next point of pleasure, chased by even more intense pain and discomfort as he crossed it.

Though not as indulgent himself, Hannibal had come to greatly enjoy these nights.

It was an opportunity to glimpse at the barest, most demanding parts of Will’s soul, witnessing his selfishness in all its glory when he so rarely opened himself up to be vulnerable and truly, honestly in touch with his desires.

Will was radiant, both bathed in the blood of their victims and the sweat and tears of their lust, and Hannibal was ever grateful to be both witness and participant in his becoming.

W is for Wax Play

Chapter Notes

tw// bad BDSM etiquette, burning, pain, consensual but not safe or sane

As they laid in bed that night after sex, Hannibal rested on his stomach, eyes closed, enjoying the comfort and warmth of their bed, the silk sheets against his skin.

Will laid beside him, watching him calmly, the blissful content of his climax slowly making way to feelings of resentment and anger.

He extended his hand, running his fingers down Hannibal's spine, stopping at the mark of the branding Mason Verger had left Hannibal with.

"I hate it…" Will murmured, more to himself than to Hannibal.

Hannibal opened his eyes, calmly eyeing his husband.

"It makes you feel angry," Hannibal remarked after a moment of silence, "Not because it's there, but because you were not the one to do it."

Will averted his gaze, rolling onto his back.

"Does that surprise you?"

"I think it surprises you to think that you might have been capable of hurting me to such an extent at that point in time."

Will didn't reply.

They both knew Hannibal was right, and as much as Will had harboured strong feelings of resentment and anger towards Hannibal years ago, it was a different situation between them now. Now, it was almost unbearable and shocking to Will, realising the violence he might or might not be capable of, even towards his own husband.

"I just…"

Will sighed, trying to expel the anger from his system. It was no use.

"I hate looking at it. I hate being reminded of Mason Verger, and that awful night in our lives every time I look at you… It feels like he's always there. Like he's-" Will stopped, then went ahead anyways. "Like he's taunting me.."

Hannibal got a little more comfortable on the pillow, trying to get to the underlying issue.

“Because he has successfully marked me for all time. And you did not.”

Will looked over at him, feeling too caught, too embarrassed to speak.

“You pointed a gun at me, yet you never shot me. You sent a man to kill me, but the scars on my arms are not inherently yours to claim. You attempted to leave a mark on me in Florence, and I denied you that opportunity yet again.”

Will lowered his gaze, his hand beneath the blanket wandering to the broad, prominent scar on his own abdomen.

“I don’t know if it’s about… hurting you-... or just seeing that you can truly be mine… That you will never be able to rid yourself of me, even if we are apart-...”

Hannibal hummed softly in agreement, then smiled calmly.

“We could incorporate certain practices into our lives to help you figure it out. I have a high tolerance for pain, and I wouldn’t mind you… *leaving the mark* you so desire.”

Will’s eyes grew wide, Hannibal’s proposal sounding utterly insane to him.

“If you would like to explore these feelings, seeing which aspect it actually is you enjoy more, the pain or the marking, I suggest we start with wax play.”

Will sat up straight, scoffing slightly in disbelief.

“Hannibal, I-”

“It might give you a similar gratification as the act of branding you so envy about Mason. For proper consenting practices there are special candles to use as the wax doesn’t burn quite as hot, yet I believe regular candles will do just fine for our purposes.”

Hannibal sat up as well, resting a hand at Will’s neck as he sought his gaze.

“After all, it is not the play you want, is it? It is not the illusion, not the safety of a consensual game. You do not want me to enjoy the process.”

Will resisted his gaze for as long as he could muster, keeping quiet as his mind began to race.

Then, finally, there was quiet as he settled on his decision.

“Where do you keep the candles?”

Hannibal smiled.

Hannibal had gotten comfortable on the bed in the same position as before, head resting on his pillow, arms comfortably tucked underneath as Will sat on his hips, the Verger branding blatantly staring up at him from Hannibal's back.

The scarring had gotten lighter in colour with age, yet Will could still make out every detail of it. And he despised reading Mason's name on his husband's back.

With a click of the lighter Will lit one of the long, heavy, white candles he had gotten from one of their dining room cupboards. He watched the flame grow and flicker, feeding off of the oxygen in the air between him and Hannibal.

As the wax began to melt, Will's feeling of anger began to rise and grow once more.

After all the difficulties Hannibal and he had had to go through, the very real, very dangerous growing pains they had had to live through to eventually become and thrive as spouses was simply too much, too hurtful to ignore anymore.

It felt like it all culminated in the small sea of wax that had built around the wick, shining brightly as illuminated by the flame above.

Will watched a little more of the hot, liquid wax accumulate, his hand slightly shaking with rage.

Then he leaned closer over Hannibal, slowly and deliberately spilling the hot wax down the curve of his spine, all the way across the Verger branding.

Will felt Hannibal inhale slowly and deeply rather than he saw it, yet as he closed his eyes his face seemed relaxed, almost like he was asleep beneath him.

Will watched as the skin around the wax began to redden, nerves no doubt overstimulated, screaming out to his body in pain with the burn.

"How does it feel?"

Hannibal exhaled calmly, his response not at all tinged by the sensations Will anticipated.

"Tolerable. Then again, I have not yet felt physical levels of pain that I found to be intolerable."

He paused, a smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"Does that bother you?"

"It does," Will responded, thinking of the immeasurable pain he had felt as Hannibal had cut him open in his kitchen, "And it doesn't. Maybe causing you pain is just a byproduct…"

Will lowered the candle towards his skin once more, burning different parts of his back, shoulders and arms.

Hannibal was right.

It *was* gratifying to see the angry, red marks he left on him.

The evidence of Will's presence in his life.

The signs of power Will held over Hannibal, and always would.

As Will slowly removed the dried wax, admiring the shades of red on Hannibal's skin, he almost felt sad when he realised that they, too, just like his kisses, bites and scratches, would fade away.

Like he had never burned him, touched him, or had had any impact on his life, body and soul.

"I think you were right…" Will murmured, sitting up a bit as Hannibal turned around beneath him, looking up at him as his hands calmly wandered over Will's naked thighs. "I want to mark you… I *need* to mark you…"

Hannibal smiled calmly, the burns on his back hurting with every shift, every pressure against the sheets of his body, every movement of his arms as he pulled Will down into a kiss, holding onto his hips to keep him close.

"Then we will find a way for you to do that, my love. Maybe I could take you back to Florence. Then you can show me exactly how you felt all those years ago, when you finally came to find me again…"

E is for Exhibitionism

Chapter Notes

tw// exhibitionism, public sex, public masturbation

"As evident from the comparison to be drawn between these two pictures, it was the husband who was the target of the crime, as indicated by the multiple…"

Will looked up from his speaker's desk as he noticed the door open all the way upstairs at the far end of the big lecture hall, watching none other than Hannibal quietly attend his class.

He leaned comfortably against the wall, posture relaxed and calm, making no effort to stop Will in his lecture in any way as might have been the case in an emergency.

It had not been the first time, since Hannibal had watched him give a lecture to his class about the copycat killer before, so Will did not let himself be disturbed by his presence and continued on.

He clicked through his slideshow of crime scene photos, talking his class through the process of an overkill analysis, when his gaze briefly lingered on Hannibal once more, only to almost make Will lose his thread of thought entirely.

Despite the distance, he could clearly tell that Hannibal was now palming himself through the fabric of his suit pants, eyes fixed on Will. His hand motioned a bit more stiffly as he noticed Will's gaze, unzipping his pants as he watched.

Will quickly looked down at his laptop screen to not lose his footing in the presentation, nervously pushing his glasses back into place.

"It does not, however, have to be quite as dramatic an example. Anything that goes beyond the wounds inflicted, necessary to kill, would qualify…"

When Will looked back up at Hannibal he could clearly see him leisurely stroking himself, unimpressed by the half-full lecture hall, the fact that he was just-so hidden from the view of Will's students.

As long as Will could see, it seemed, Hannibal remained quite pleased with himself, smiling at him whenever their eyes met.

Will had no idea how he had made it through the past ten minutes of his lecture, yet he had finally come to the last slide of his presentation, giving his students some concluding thoughts and chapters to read up on, before dismissing them.

Just before the first students had packed up and turned around to leave the lecture hall, Hannibal had tucked himself back into his pants and was now calmly approaching Will as if he had just so happened to walk into the room in time for the end of the class.

“Are you out of your mind?!” Will hissed as his students had left, still clutching the edges of his small desk tightly, grateful that it had hidden most of his body from view.

“I enjoy seeing you teach,” Hannibal replied with a smile, eyeing the teacher in front of him.

“Yeah, I could tell,” Will bit back sarcastically, cheeks and ears turning red as he shoved his laptop back into his bag, positioning it as best he could to hide his crotch as he walked out of the lecture hall, basically fleeing from Hannibal.

Just before he reached the door Hannibal caught up to him, cornering him, lips only an inch away from Will’s.

“Washrooms or the Bentley?”

Will seemed even more flustered now, trying to back away, but only able to just-so bite back a moan as Hannibal reached between his legs.

“Choose, or I will do it for you.”

“W-Washrooms,” Will replied quietly, pushing past Hannibal, “I know one that’s quite busy at this time of day…”

Hannibal’s smile turned into a satisfied grin, following Will down the hall, not quite as impatient as the teacher to get out of the immediate sight of his students.

Hannibal looked around in the small washroom as they reached it, lucky enough to pass just the right moment to slip into the same stall together unnoticed.

It was small, and even if Will behaved himself well enough to not utter a single sound, it would undoubtedly be obvious what they were doing in the stall to anyone who entered.

It was perfect.

“You’re getting much bolder… I have to say, I quite enjoy it…” Hannibal whispered, opening his pants and pushing them far down enough so as to not ruin the fabric with stains, then pulling out a small container of lube out of his suit jacket.

“Would you shut up already-...?” Will hissed back, clearly still very much aware of their very public situation.

Hannibal would soon change that.

He generously spread the lube on his cock, twitching and eager to finally be inside of his lover, before pulling Will’s pants down just a bit more, pushing inside of him.

Will bit down on the fabric on his tie, whimpering around it as he finally felt Hannibal inside of him, impatiently bucking his hips, filling the tiny space with obscene sounds as they finally found a rhythm.

Will felt a shiver run down his spine as he heard the washroom door open and several footsteps approaching the urinals, causing Hannibal to pick up the speed of his thrusts rather than slowing down, making Will moan and whimper desperately, shaking with excitement and humiliation alike.

He didn't even register the words that were said, the voices outside at the urinal, all he was fully aware of was that Hannibal was fucking him within an inch of his life in one of the most unappealing places possible, and people *knew*.

They could hear him moan, hear the slaps of their skin against each other, the vulgar, wet sounds of the lube and precum inside of him, and yet all he wanted was even more; to have them watch him, see every inch of Hannibal's that was buried inside of him, how much this man he barely knew had turned him inside out.

Will's nails scraped across the tiles of the bathroom wall, helplessly trying to get a grip as his pleasure grew even bigger, before Hannibal finally had mercy on him, wrapping a hand around his leaking, aching cock to get him off just in time as Hannibal came deep inside of him.

Will shivered and panted, desperate to get away from the overstimulation as Hannibal kept thrusting into him, almost making him scream in pain and pleasure, and instead having him bite down on his tie even harder as his eyes rolled back in pure ecstasy.

Hannibal added a few more hard thrusts, spacing them out, just to make Will moan and tremble in his arms, let everyone present know just how much he was enjoying their perverted little adventure.

"Such a devout teacher…" Hannibal whispered with a smile, giving Will's butt a particularly hard squeeze that almost made him double over, "Giving such a good presentation for your students… I'm sure they appreciate your efforts, and will remember this little lecture for a long, long time…"

E is for Eggs

Chapter Notes

Please note that this is the deadest bird in the bunch of the Dead Dove Do Not Eat tags/triggers.

It includes mention of rape/sexual assault/forceful impregnation/date rape drugs (Francis/Will), and further use of drugs, abortion, and extremely dubious consent/non-con (Will/Hannibal). I don't think there's much I can't warn for with this one, so please be responsible for your own triggers and proceed with caution if you are sensitive to any of these topics🖤

Further Info on the Setting: Omegaverse Canon Compliant, Francis is a reptile hybrid alpha, Hannibal a fox hybrid alpha, and Will a mongoose hybrid omega.

"It's a beautiful house," Will murmured, looking about the cliff house as the sun began to set outside, "Very undeniably yours."

Hannibal joined him by the window overlooking the sea, offering him a glass of exquisite red wine.

"I am certain you would have eventually found it, given how easy it has become for you to recognise my preferences."

Will raised the glass to his lips, yet the second the scent of the alcohol entered his nose he recoiled, lowering the glass once more with a pained expression on his face.

"Are you not feeling well, Will?"

Hannibal observed him intently. There was something off about Will, even after all these years of being apart, something did not quite fit the picture.

"It's nothing," Will replied, setting the glass aside as he felt another jolt of pain in his abdomen. "Probably just a stomach flu or something…"

Hannibal leaned in closer over his shoulder, taking in the scent emitting from the glands by Will's neck.

Realisation hit him like a bolt of thunder, instilling deep, guttural rage in him.

"When was the last time you went through a heat cycle, Will?"

Will furrowed his brows, turning around to face him.

"I'm not sure… I started taking suppressants again a while ago, so I didn't really keep track, especially since Molly took them, too… Why?"

Hannibal set his own glass of wine aside, and with the trained precision of a medical professional he slid his hand underneath the fabric of Will's pants, pushing a hand against his lower abdomen.

Will yelped in pain as he applied the pressure, feeling that same sharp, stinging sensation deep inside of him.

"Fuck, Hannibal, what-"

"You said ealier that the Dragon had attacked you in your motel room? That he had drugged you and left you unconscious for a while?"

"Y-Yes, but what does that have to do with-"

Will stopped mid-sentence, feeling sick to his stomach and dizzy with shock as realisation of what had probably happened that night overcame him.

His legs buckled and Hannibal held him as he saw black dots dancing before his eyes, blacking out for a moment.

"He is a reptile hybrid, likely a lizard or snake. We need to get rid of these eggs, right now, before they grow even further and tear you apart from the inside out."

Will could barely register Hannibal's words, still in a state of shock as the other man helped him into the bedroom, laying him down on the bed to rest for a moment as Hannibal gathered both his thoughts and medical instruments.

Will felt like he had fallen unconscious from the shock for a while before he felt Hannibal sit down by him on the bed.

"What are you doing…?" Will murmured, raising his head as he felt Hannibal roll up the sleeve of his shirt even further, restricting the blood flow in his arm for a moment as he placed a needle into Will's arm, injecting him with a clear, slightly tinted substance.

Will began to panic, his subconscious rebelling against the familiar, traumatic memory of Hannibal drugging him years prior.

"What did you give me-?!"

"I am inducing a heat. Making your body hyper aware of the unwanted hybrid eggs inside of you will make it easier to get rid of them."

Will wanted to reply, to protest at the sheer coldness and practicality in Hannibal’s voice, yet the look in his eyes made the words die in his throat.

The deep amber colour of Hannibal's eyes was glowing, red and threatening and *dangerous*, giving Will a glance at the deadly instincts of the fox beneath.

Will watched him take another syringe, filled with a different substance, and inject it into his arm as well before letting his blood circulate freely again, spreading the injections throughout his body.

The very moment the second injection reached his blood stream Will began to feel eerily relaxed, his thoughts became hazy and warmth began to spread throughout his body.

"What-..."

His voice was barely a whisper at that point, yet Hannibal heard him just fine.

"Alpha hormones. Mine, to be specific."

Hannibal stood and rounded the bed, kneeling above Will as he opened up his belt, pants and buttons of his shirt, undressing him carefully, but swiftly.

Will laid his head back, eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy as Hannibal's hands made contact with his bare skin.

"Introducing them to your system in your current position will remove the unwanted rival offspring."

Hannibal's eyes met Will's, and the clear possessiveness and urge to claim Will as his own sent shivers down Will's spine.

"Your body will make room for me instead."

The gravity of his words didn't fully reach Will who felt too blissful, too aroused to feel anything but adoration in proximity to Hannibal.

As the Alpha kept hovering above him Will's legs spread widely on their own volition, making room for what his body perceived as the perfect mate.

Hannibal kept his composure much more efficiently, leaning in closer to Will.

"This is going to hurt."

Will didn't understand, yet the sharp pain in his abdomen made the situation quite clear to him.

Will gasped with pain as he felt his body begin to rebel against the eggs inside of him, and for the first time since the assault by the Dragon he was acutely aware of every single one of them.

Will felt himself begin to dissociate as the pain overpowered his lust, observing himself and Hannibal from above, detached from what was happening to him.

He focused on the hand Hannibal was now laying upon his abdomen, feeling for the position and quantity of the eggs.

The more Will became aware of them, the more clearly the picture manifested in his mind; hard, leathery shells pressing up against his soft insides, heavily rubbing against each other as his body pulsed and cramped, outlining the many eggs inside of him in even more vivid detail.

Will gasped for air, clutching the sheets as Hannibal pressed his hands against his abdomen, slowly and firmly pushing downward, aiding his body in the process, yet inflicting even more pain onto him.

"Stop-..." Will panted, clutching at Hannibal who remained unmoving, unbothered by the weakness of Will's grip.

Will shivered with pain as another cramp hit him, accompanied by the firm pressure of Hannibal's hands, yet the arousal followed so closely behind it felt like whiplash to his senses; with every cramp, every movement or tension of his insides Will felt the heavy, gratifying weight of the eggs inside of him, filling him with instinctual pride of bearing their weight, the arousal of feeling so completely used, and satiated, and *full*.

"No-... Hannibal, don't-..." Will whimpered, resisting more forcefully against Hannibal, yet in his drugged and deluded state the omega was no match for the alpha above him, pinning him down, continuing the process.

Will squirmed and protested, whimpered and begged, yet soon he felt the eggs shift even more inside of him, getting lower and more clustered in their position, uncomfortably pressing up against his sensitive insides.

"No-... Stop-...!"

Will sobbed with pain as Hannibal pushed down harder, lower on his abdomen, forcing the eggs closer to his entrance, stretching and straining his muscles and skin so much Will could actually see the buldge as he glanced down his body.

"It hurts-... Please-...! Please, stop, just let me-"

Keep them.

Hannibal glared at him, the vibrations of an alpha command making Will shiver all over with fear and adoration alike.

"No."

Will screamed hoarsely as the first egg stretched his muscles even more as it pushed past them, finally exiting his body.

God, it was big, way too big already, bigger than any knot he had ever taken.

In a brief moment of clarity he realised that Hannibal might very well be saving his life, how much destruction a batch of fully grown reptile eggs would bring upon his body, intestines and womb not built to nurture, accomodate or even survive the species.

Will gasped as he felt Hannibal push down once more, forcing his body to fight against the instinct to provide a nest to the unborn offspring, to keep them at the expense of his life just to fulfil his deepest, most ancient instincts.

"I can't-..."

Will felt the tears hot on his skin, losing themselves in his hair as he weakly struggled against Hannibal once more, realising the next egg would be even bigger.

Will breathed heavily, exhausted from the constant struggle of his body to feel both pain and arousal, agonising over the unnatural stretch he felt and at the same time craving the depravity of it; of pushing his body beyond his limits, to feel pleasure like he never had before, to feel so utterly full and stretched to his absolute physical limit.

As the egg finally left his body, stretching him beyond what he had believed to be possible, Will felt like he had just cum, brain flooded with ecstasy despite his cock still lying flacidly against his stomach, mirroring the intense pain and strain he was experiencing.

Hannibal had undoubtedly recognised the shift in his hormones, firmly grabbing at Will's throat to subdue him, focus his attention back on Hannibal.

Will kept his eyes fixed on Hannibal, turning his head slightly towards his hand as the alpha loosened his grip once more, sucking his tongue into his mouth as he submissively bared his neck to him.

The moan that left Hannibal’s lips was deep and guttural, making Will move towards the touch of his hands as the pain progressed, his insides shifting and cramping, desperate to rid itself of the foreign eggs in the pursuit of a more suitable alpha.

At last, there was only one of the eggs left inside of Will, directed by Hannibal’s hands, making sure he had rid himself entirely of the Dragon.

Will kept blacking out with exhaustion, his senses so entirely overstimulated, begging to end this relentless torture on his body.

With a last, final push of Will's body and Hannibal’s guidance, it was over.

The egg had barely hit the sheets of the bed when Will began to sob uncontrollably, body shivering all over, seeking a way to compensate for the huge accumulation of shock and trauma he had gone through.

Yet also the loss he felt. The emptiness deep inside of him.

"Will. Look at me."

Hannibal gently pulled Will's hands from his face, keeping him from curling in on himself as he leaned down to kiss him, pushing his wrists onto the bed.

Will replied his kiss as best he could, shivering and hiccuping slightly with sobs, only to then let out an almost slient, hoarse scream as he felt Hannibal lie down between his leg, push his way inside of him.

"Hannibal-... Wait- Please, I can't-...!"

Will couldn't stop crying, now with the overwhelming feeling of belonging that the hormones in his system finally matched the alpha he felt inside of him.

Hannibal thrusted into him mercilessly, driven by the deep, instinctual need to possess him, claim him, mark him as his own inside and out.

"Don't worry… I won't bite you yet…"

Will whimpered quietly, his brain now fully fixated on the alpha above him.

"Why not-...? I'm yours-...! I need to be yours-...!"

"You do…" Hannibal agreed calmly, "but not like this. Not now. First, we need to take care of the Dragon… Together we will bite off the head of the snake, my beautiful mongoose… Then we will be free to do as we please…"

Will nodded weakly, hands balling into fists as Hannibal kept thrusting into him even harder, his knot beginning to swell at the base of his cock.

Will screamed in pain and ecstasy as he felt the knot beginning to catch, locking them into place after Hannibal pushed it inside a few more times, stretching his raw, sensitive insides all over again.

He felt like he couldn't breathe, losing all sense of reality as Hannibal spilled himself inside of him, hot and wet, filling and touching every inch of him that had been tainted by the Dragon's eggs before.

Will shivered uncontrollably as he came, for so long and hard this time he actually blacked out, falling unconscious with the reassuring weight of his alpha inside and on top of him.

Hannibal knew that the Dragon would find them, and soon. And when he did, and saw and smelled the difference in the omega, it would be not only Hannibal he would be after.

N is for Necrophilia

Chapter Notes

tw// necrophilia (fantasy), major character death (fantasy), obsessive thoughts

"Where shall we begin?"

Will slowly looked up at Hannibal, intentionally postponing his response.

He got a bit more comfortable in his armchair in Hannibal's office, watching the other man do the same.

"I suppose me wanting you dead might be a good place to start…"

Hannibal remained just as calm, tilting his head slightly in interest and curiosity.

"I had figured you might prefer a less intense issue for your first session with me again, yet given our very recent personal history I believe it might be a sensible start to your therapy."

Will said nothing, only smiled calmly at the other man.

"You previously said that you would prefer to kill me with your hands. Has this detail remained the same for you, or has it changed in any way?"

Will took a deep breath, exhaling slowly as he closed his eyes, watching the pendulum swing, making way for the fantasies hidden deep within his mind.

He could see himself in his own living room, kneeling above Hannibal, his hands aching and bleeding with the punches he had already dealt him. Then, his fingers would finally wrap around his throat, squeezing the life out of him when Hannibal was already too weak to resist him.

He would grab at Will's wrists, attempting to plead with him, pull him away, yet there would be a beautiful, comfortable silence between them once Hannibal's heart finally stopped beating.

"No. That part hasn't changed," Will replied calmly, still focused on his fantasy as Hannibal's voice reached him, seeming far more distant than before.

"What has?"

Will looked down at Hannibal, cheekbones scraped and bloody, matching the marks on Will's knuckles.

Will carefully extended a hand to his face, finally daring to touch Hannibal, like a violent animal that had finally been subdued, enabling a closer inspection and satisfaction of Will's curiosity.

"I am touching you now…" Will replied calmly, sinking deeper into his mind, his voice more of a murmur now.

"Were you not able to touch me before?"

"No… You were so… Unreachable…"

Will slowly turned Hannibal's head to examine his features, eyes closed now, lips slightly parted.

"Now you look so peaceful… So harmless. I can touch you now."

Will slowly ran his thumb over Hannibal's bottom lip, surprised at the softness of it. Of how human it was.

He let his fingertips trickle down the line of his jaw, down to his neck, slowly undressing him to reveal more of his body, proving to Will that the monster he had been terrorised by was, indeed, human.

"I can see you now… and you're just a man. You're just skin, and flesh, and bones. You're vulnerable, like me."

Hannibal watched Will calmly, the way he gradually lost himself in his fantasy, his imagination he so openly shared with Hannibal.

"Is it important to you that I am vulnerable?"

"Yes," Will replied immediately, watching himself touch Hannibal's naked body, gaze darting back to his face a couple of times, afraid of being caught. "Now you are… tame. You can no longer hurt me. You can no longer leave me."

Will observed the details of Hannibal's hand, how unassuming his strong arms seemed now that all strength and life had left his body.

He was free to touch Hannibal wherever he wanted, look wherever he wanted, kiss and smell and bite, slap and caress and hug him however he pleased.

"What are you going to do, now that I am staying with you?"

He was naked now, too, frustrated with how little reaction his kisses and caresses got from Hannibal in return, how there was no excited twitch of his hips as he touched his cock, stroking him, then rutting against him, bringing their bodies closer together, sharing the heat of his body with Hannibal.

"I need to make you see. I need to feel you."

“What do you need to make me see, Will?”

Will paused, lips slightly parting as a soft moan escaped him.

He was inside of Hannibal now, his skin cold against Will’s hot body as he moved, thrusting into him deeper, harder, moaning at how tight he felt, how pliant and welcoming, letting Will have him in the most intimate way, allowing him access to all his shame, his privacy, crossing all his boundaries.

“How I desire you…”

Hannibal stayed quiet for a moment, waiting on whether Will would return to him, beyond the veil of his imagination.

He did not.

“Why can you only make me see how much you desire me when I am dead, Will?”

Will shivered slightly, hands gripping the edge of his seat.

“Because you lie-... You can betray me as long as you can speak, and as long as you can move-...”

Hannibal’s voice became just slightly softer.

“I would still like to be your friend, Will. What would reassure you that I would not betray you in the ways you fear?”

Will pressed his eyes shut, desperate to stay within his mind, in the safe space of the Hannibal that could not hurt him, could not leave him, would comply with his every wish.

“I need-... Need you to desire me just as much-...”

He gripped the edge of the seat even harder, trying not to sob, trying to focus on how good it felt to be inside of the other Hannibal, how gratifying and reassuring his presence was now that he was no longer dangerous.

Will registered the slow steps on the hardwood floors but didn’t dare to open his eyes, not ready to leave yet.

Just a little faster, a bit harder, soon-

Will threw his head back with a loud, raspy moan as he felt Hannibal’s hand firmly press against him, palming him through his trousers, making him cum both in his pants and buried deeply in the Hannibal of his imagination as he heard the Hannibal opposite him lean in closer, whispering in his ear.

“Who’s to say I don’t?”

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